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Unfortunate Hybrid



fantasy,

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Chapter 1 by Tanner Luker

It was incredibly stupid to have done what i did, get between two of the werewolf i mean. My day had started out innocent enough. Me taking a hike on the woods. it was a routine i'd always done for as long as i could remember. And nothing ever happened. i would hike to Crescent Falls, spend a few hours there and then leave. I'd always felt at peace when i heard the crashing water of the falls. Nothing ever happened here. Nothing.

But Imagine my surprise when two of the werewolf were tearing each others throats out. It was dumb. I threw myself between them trying to shove them aside. Contrary to popular belief the Werewolf actually weren't that big. I knocked the wolf out of the air but took a bite on my arm in exchange. And the Cat unable to change it's course clawed my back. It the injuries burned like fire.

"What the hell do you two think you're doing!" I berated the confused animals. They stared back. What- what do-. The world started fading to black.

Chapter 2 by NM



"Is he ok?"

"Well, you bit the shit out of his arm."

"Yeah?! You scratched him!"

"I think he's dead..."

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Naida hunched over the unconscious human male, till the tips of her long dark brown almost black hair caressed his shoulder blade. Was he still alive? The wolf woman remained still, listening for his heart and if he was breathing. If she was being honest, she thought that he was dead, there was no way he could have survived a bite from her and a gash from her sparring companion.

So when she found that the man below her was still alive, she was surprised and a tad bit unsettled. "I think he's alive..." Her voice trailed off when she leaned back to eye her partner; Bryn a were-mountain-cat was tending to a scratch on his forearm when Naida spoke. "Do you think?..."

The feline male paused from his licking to look up at the wolf woman, eyes keen on knowing what she meant. "Speak plainly, Naida."

“We may have unknowingly created a hybrid.”

Silence fell upon them as the realization of what they may have done dawned. "Naida, there is no—"

“No way? Are you kidding? He should be dead!” Thin tendrils of steam rose from her bare shoulders, her nervous excitement visibly rising. “But look at him.” She motioned towards the unconscious male with an open hand. “He’s fucking breathing!”

“What do we do?” Bryn sat cross-legged parallel to the faced down man, staring.

The naked woman walked the length of the human now hybrid with her hands on her hips, she was powerfully built but graceful in such a way that was unique only to her; Naida was short in stature, but the way she carried herself made it feel like she was as tall as the trees. Slowly she walked away to retrieve her rucksack, as she rummaged through the bag, thin shafts of sunlight burnt through thick lo hanging clouds; her skin was prismatic and gold, glimmering for a moment then dulling when the sun was tucked away. Quickly she dressed whistling for her

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Naida fastened the last button on her faded blue jeans as she looked at the man, slowly she turned him on his back to look at him and was taken aback when she thought him to be striking. "Lets get him to the lodge and figure out what to do with him, I don't feel right leaving him like this." Her deep amber eyes lingered for a moment, then moved to look where Bryn had been.

The werecat knelt down next to the unconscious male then looked up at the wolf woman. "Get the bags and I'll get him."

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